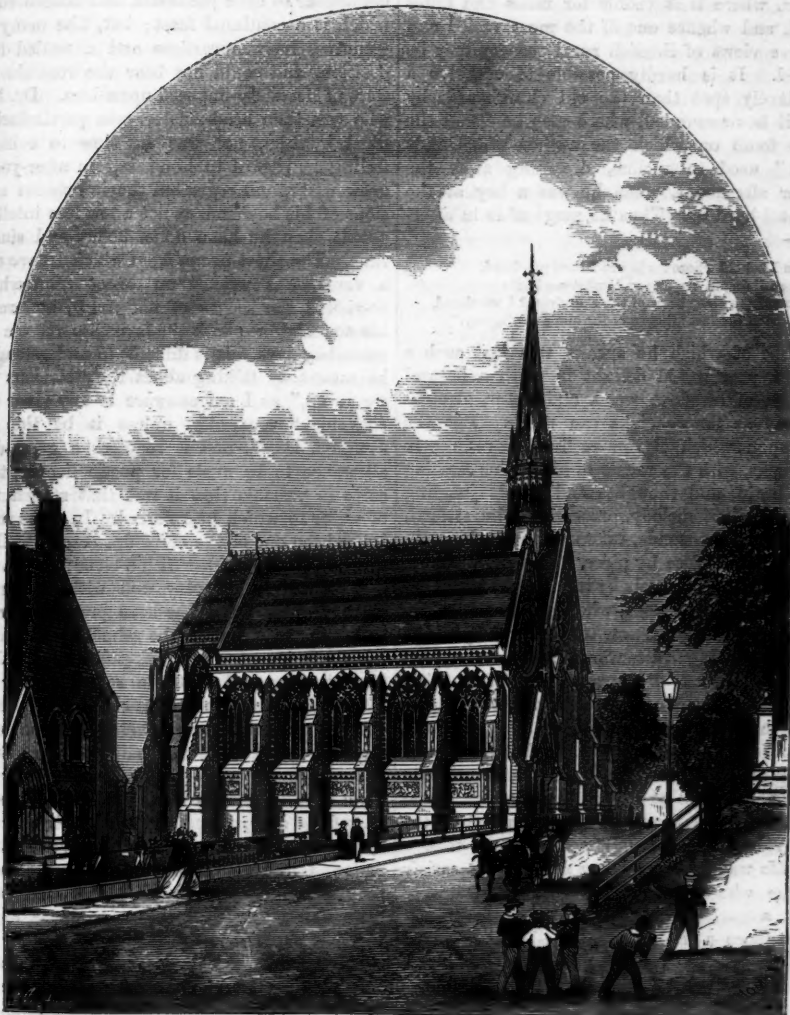


THE QUIVER

Saturday, February 22, 1868.



HARROW SCHOOL CHAPEL.

BY SIDNEY DARYL.

THERE is a *bon mot* recorded of the Merry Monarch to the intent that, on one occasion, when his royal patience and temper had both been severely taxed, by the inordinate length to which a discussion as to the relative claims of religious sects to the title of the visible church had been pursued in his presence, he suddenly put an end to the controversy by declaring "that

the visible church was the parish church of Harrow, for that could be seen anywhere." And true enough; the ancient, weatherbeaten house of God, with its lofty spire, that some ill-omened croakers declare will come down one day with a mighty crash, stands on a gloriously elevated position, where it is visible for miles and miles around, and whence one of the most varied and extensive views of English rural scenery may be obtained. It is hardly possible to conceive a more lovely spot than the old churchyard, by which it is surrounded, where may be found the famous tomb on which the author of "Childe Harold" used to recline, dreaming away the summer afternoons, when he was a boy at the old school hard by. Thus he sings of it in after-years—

"Again I behold where for hours I have pondered,
As reclining at eve on yon tombstone I lay;
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wandered,
To catch the last glimpse of the sun's setting ray."

The place of which he speaks was just such a one as a poet would delight in, with a natural panorama of meadow, wood, and water, stretching away as far as sight can reach. But the stone upon which Byron reclined, revelling in day-dreams, with the music of his genius floating in his brain, and thoughts and words jangling already in silent melody, presently to burst forth and entrance thousands, exists not as he knew it. Little by little, piece by piece, it has disappeared, carried off in tiny morsels by those eager searchers for interesting specimens, who cannot resist chipping and pilfering wherever they go, and by whose polite and assiduous attentions many of our most cherished relics are disfigured and defaced. Certainly the fancies of some people to possess particular things are unaccountable. Who could have believed it possible that the rope with which William Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner, was hanged should sell at five shillings an inch, and yet leave many disappointed to find that the quantity of twisted hemp necessary to take a man's life was far from being sufficient to satisfy all those whose morbid cravings to secure so ghastly a curiosity made even the executioner for the nonce a tradesman to be bartered with? It is a wonder that the bones of William Peachey, which are deposited within "Byron's tomb," have not risen up in indignation and vengeance at the insults and ill-usage to which their stony coverlid has been subjected, or cried aloud to barbarian aggressors to hold their destroying fingers. However, it is no use grumbling now; the mischief is done, and cannot be repaired. But stay, here I am wrong; it has been repaired—with Portland cement, and the couch the poet improvised for himself in days gone by has had to be patched up with stucco. Rather prosaic

this, though Robert Buchanan has gathered inspiration even in the bricks and mortar of our great Babylon, and could, I believe, if necessary, find poetry in an omnibus.

Byron, so it is said, was not a particularly popular boy. When he was at school at Harrow he does not appear to have possessed that contented mind which is a continual feast; but, like many other geniuses, he was restless and unsettled in disposition, and could not bear the restraints that were of necessity imposed upon him. Dr. Drury, who was then head-master, was particularly disliked by him, nor was he slow to evince his feeling in regard to him; but in after-years he grew wiser, and regretted the impetuous expressions of his boyhood, as not a few less intellectual people than he have done, before and since his time. The short poem, from which I have quoted a verse, was written on an occasion when he re-visited the scenes of his youth, and renewed his acquaintance with the favourite resorts of his schoolboy days. It is difficult to understand what he means by talking about the "streams where we swam," as I am unaware of any river within convenient proximity, unless it be the Grand Junction Canal, and it requires a great deal of allowance to be made for poetic licence, to conceive it possible that it was that stagnant road of water to which he referred. In some respects it has been one of the chief drawbacks to Harrow that it is not provided with a river; but the boys manage to get on very well with the artificial swimming-bath that has been provided for them, which is christened in the school vocabulary and familiarly known as "Duck-pond." Besides, it is just whispered that the reason all, or most, Harrovians are such capital cricketers is, because there is no boating or rowing to act as a counter-attraction to the bat and ball, or, as at Eton, to split up the youthful republic into "dry" and "wet bobs." Certain it is, that all lads who have passed, or are passing, through their educational course at the old grammar-school, founded and endowed in 1590 by John Lyon, must, whether they like it or not, learn something, however little that may be, of the noble game, as lovers of cricket delight to term it. For by the school code—which, like the Common Law of England, though unwritten, is equally binding—every boy has to pass through a period of probation, during which he is compelled to take part in a certain amount of cricket and football; and if found absenting himself on occasions when he is ordered to be present, the monitors, who regulate all such matters, visit him with condign punishment.

On a fine summer evening, when practice is going on down on the cricket-field, a passer-by will find himself much amused by watching the proceedings, and noticing the way in which the

various fags perform the task imposed upon them. Some are lively and active, and seem to enjoy their work, which, like sensible fellows, they think it best to make light of; others look melancholy and wretched, slouching idly along after the ball, as if they felt themselves miserable victims to a cruel destiny in the shape of the captain of the Eleven, who has to see that the cricket fagging is properly carried out, and to administer physical correction to those who attempt to shirk it. I promise you he does not spare his hand, and quite right too; if boys have not the sense to accede to the regulations which have existed for so many years with universal approval, they deserve all they get. Cricket and football fagging were ordained for the purpose of forcing idlers and loungers to stir themselves to take exercise, without which they can neither hope to preserve the *mens sana* nor the *corpus sanum*.

I have not graduated in medicine, nor am I experienced in anatomy, but I am possessed with an unalterable belief that the human constitution, unless physically weak or sickly, demands a very large amount of walking, and such-like exertion, to keep it in order—a fact which does not appear to be very generally appreciated. Artificial means of locomotion have been so much adopted by all classes of late, that it is not very wild to speculate as to the ultimate possibility, nay, probability, of the legs becoming superfluous appendages. Football takes the place of cricket during the winter term at Harrow, and on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, the half-holidays, the street of the village—I beg pardon, town; for, like all suburban localities, it grows in size and bricks and mortar daily—is crowded by boys of all ages, in shirts and caps of all colours, representing the houses of the various masters to which they belong. Here and there one may be seen with a fez on his head, and a long tassel attached to it, by which we know that the owner thereof has the honour of belonging to his house football eleven, a distinction which in some of the larger establishments is highly prized. This general turning-out occurs about two o'clock, soon after the names have been called over, and then all find their way down to the big field, which is situated on the road to "Duck-puddle," and just at the bottom of the hill. A little before four, "clang, clang," goes the bell on the top of the old schoolhouse, and soon the coloured shirts and caps reappear, accompanied by red faces, muddy boots, and not unfrequently equally grimy trousers. Then there is such a hurrying and scurrying to get clean, and into respectable and fitting costume to appear before the master and answer to your name, and such a rush to get into your place in the old fourth-form room, where that ceremony is performed.

I can heartily recommend a trip to Harrow, if

only to see this curious old place, with its walls of oak panelling deeply cut into and embellished with the names of boys, who afterwards became famous in the history of their country. The youthful hands that carved them, slowly and by stealth—for I believe it was as much *contra leges* in old times to perform such operations with the pen-knife, as it is now—were, hereafter, some of them, to wield the sword to the glory and honour of old England in far-distant lands, while others were to preside over the pen, with which her destinies are guided and directed at home. Little did those lads, scratching their names in characters larger in size than regular or elegant in shape, think that presently the wooden panel they had defaced would become an interesting memorial of their connection with the old school, and be preserved with tender care and veneration long after they had passed away. So thoroughly covered are the walls with these strange autographs, that of late years those boys who have wished that some record should remain behind them of their Harrow days, secure the services of one of the school officials, who bears the title of "custos," and he, for consideration, cuts their name and year of entrance upon certain boards, which are placed round the fourth-form room for that purpose. This is, of course, a very business-like proceeding, and destroys all those interesting associations which were originated in the old days.

The school chapel is a charming little place, perfect in form and detail, both without and within, and admirably suited to the purpose for which it is intended. It is quite a modern building, and no doubt, in an architectural point of view, contrasts unfavourably with Eton College Chapel. I hardly think, though, that the two should be compared one with the other, as the style of both is so utterly and entirely different. Outwardly the Harrow School Chapel is an unpretentious and, I might almost add, plain structure, but its interior only has to be seen to be appreciated for the exquisite taste with which it is ordered, and the lightness and elegance of its framework. Go there some Sunday evening in the summer time, when there is service, and I promise you a scene that will remain indelibly impressed upon your memory as one of the pleasantest you have ever witnessed. Some five hundred lads, well bred and born, many with the best and proudest blood in their veins, are kneeling, and sending up their petitions to Him who, be it man or schoolboy that beseeches, watches over the destinies of all, and to whose dwelling-place their youthful prayers, floating upward through the lofty roof out into the mellow evening's glow, ascend as in a cloud of vapour. "When two or

three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt grant their requests." Such is the promise of the Omnipotent, who alters not his word, nor departeth from his promises; and as each young heart turns to him and begs for pardon and forgiveness for the past, and for guidance in the future, the gloom and darkness depart, and a soft and gentle feeling of peace and hope supervenes. See there that fine tall lad, who now steps out from one of the front seats and walks up to the reading-stand. He is one of the monitors, whose turn it is to read the first lesson for the day. When the end of the term comes, he will have done with Harrow; and even now his voice falters a little as he remembers that this is the last time he will perform his present duty in the dear old chapel, with every inch of which he has become familiar. Far behind are the seats on which he sat when he was a new boy, and in the lowest form, where to construe Cæsar was a matter of no mean difficulty, and the chief object of life was to do as little work and get as much play as possible. They are as landmarks in his existence, to which he can never travel back, but which cannot fail to awaken many and mixed reflections, even when the journey of his life is well-nigh accomplished, and the time for rest is coming. As each quarter has found him taking a fresh seat in chapel, to mark his upward progress in the school, so has he learned to appreciate his responsibilities; and now, when he has reached his present position, and a few days more will terminate his Harrow life, behind the tear of regret that rises to his eye there is an awakening to the fact that the past has been but child's play after all, and that the serious realities of life are only now beginning. No wonder that by-and-by he will speak with enthusiasm of his school days, and love to recall them to mind, for they are pleasant places in the

road over the desert—green spots in life's wilderness that are refreshing and lovely to think of and remember.

There is not much room in the school chapel at Harrow for visitors, nearly the whole being required to accommodate the masters and the boys. There is a small space set apart for the masters' wives, and they occasionally introduce friends, but the chief portion of the auditory is, as I have said, composed of the school and those closely connected with it. One side of the chapel is dedicated to the memory of old Harrovians who, for Queen and country, perished during the Crimean war. And a long list is there of heroic names, engraved upon small brass memorial plates, that are fixed round the aisle immediately beneath the painted windows, and are read over and over again, Sunday after Sunday, till they become as familiar as those of the living, breathing comrades around. How short a space since they too were merry, light-hearted boys, roaming about the village in shell-jackets and straw hats, canvassing the chances of the Eleven against Eton at Lords, and wasting their substance at the "tuck-shop;" and now they are sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, in the English graveyard on Cathcart's Hill, in a stranger land, with none but strangers to watch over the sanctuary, and see that it is preserved from injury or insult; for they are in the midst of their old enemies, with the turf of the foe resting on them. But I must have done, though not without adding that many a day may be less enjoyably spent than one occupied in a pilgrimage to Harrow, to inspect the school and its belongings, where Robert Peel and John Temple (afterwards Viscount Palmerston, the dear old idol of the English nation) spent their boyhood. Besides these, hundreds of great and good names are to be found on the past lists of John Lyon's school.

MEMORIES.



WAVES of trouble, ever breaking
O'er the Christian's shingly way;
Winds of sorrow, ever shaking
Hope's best blossoms from life's spray;
Sands of memory, ever shining
In the moonlight of the soul;
Flowers of fancy, ever twining
Round some far Elysian goal;
Dawn of promise, ever peering
Through the night-wrack of despair;
Imps of pride, for ever rearing
Babel schemes in folly's air;

Bows of malice, ever winging
To and fro pain's venom'd dart;
Hooks of self-love, ever clinging
In the seaweeds of the heart;
Stars of genius, ever fighting
'Gainst the Siseras of caprice;
Sword of faction, ever smiting
Hearts of love and homes of peace;
Skiff of evil, ever mooring
In the vacant spirit's bay;
Pipe of pleasure, ever luring
To the world's deceitful play;

Dove of comfort, ever skimming
O'er the lake of human pain ;

Cup of trial, ever brimming
With the beads of future gain ;

Stones of anguish, ever hiding
In the ruts of sin's morass ;

Dupe of passion, ever sliding
Down destruction's mountain pass ;

Light of beauty, ever waning
Ere its fulness be reveal'd ;

Lap of patience, ever gleaming
Ears of joy in duty's field ;

Eaves of mercy, ever dripping
With the dews of sympathy ;

Cliffs of time, for ever slipping
Into the eternal sea ;

Storm of tumult, ever rushing
Through the unregenerate breast ;

Lull of surance, ever hushing
Lowly spirits to their rest ;

Beams of glory, ever gilding
Adoration's halcyon face ;

Arm of faith, though ever yielding,
Yet that conquers all through grace—

If, amid the bliss of heaven,
Memories of what they were
Shall to Christ's redeemed be given,
May there not be treasured there
Scenes from earth, by angel finger,
Pictured round the throne of God,
Where, in thought, the saint may linger
O'er the paths the sinner trod ?
May not, then, his hallow'd gazing
Rove o'er kindred scenes with these,
Blent the while his grateful praising
With the seraph minstrelsy ? S. A. H.

RELIGION IN THE HOME.—No. 1.

BY THE REV. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.

THE house in which a family dwells is usually designated "home;" but it implies more than mere place of residence. They may live in a house for years without ever feeling it to be their home. Emigrants, who fix their permanent abode in a foreign land, all turn their eyes with fond endearment to their dwelling in the old country, and always talk of that as their home. Home is the dwelling of our childhood, the scene of early pleasures and prospects, endeared to the memory by years of happy associations, chastened by early sorrows, and enriched by teaching and discipline which mould the character and prepare for the duties and developments of both worlds.

"Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty ; where,
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss."

Whatever may be thought of the fond conceit of the divine right of kings, few will question the divine constitution of families. Some wild theorists have dreamed that they could improve upon it, and that the social organisation would be relieved of its selfish tendencies if family barriers were thrown down, and society resolved itself into one heterogeneous community where the relationships of parent and children are unknown. Such revolting schemers, tolerated in no community, are barely permitted to make the perilous experiment in the woods of Central America.

Home life is invested with all the sacredness of a primary law in God's government of the world. The marriage union, "instituted by God in the time of man's innocence," is the centre from which other relationships radiate, circumscribed by the circle of domestic life. Beyond that circle is the outer world, with its temptations, conflicts, perils; within it lies the scene of home life, its duties, endearments, blessings.

It is essential to social progress. Society instinctively, and without direction of any kind, assumes this form. Everywhere, and in all ages, mankind settle themselves into separate homes. All history, sacred or secular,—all the discoveries of social life, whether in the ruins of Pompeii or the notices of modern travellers, add fresh testimony to the universal prevalence of homes. In fact, society can hardly exist, much less prosper, without them. One element that has made the condition of slavery destructive to social progress is, that it annihilates domestic relationships. Slavery recognises no marriage vows, and, without a look of compassion, tears parents from their children, and children from each other. It disintegrates the elements of social life. And other modes of life too, military or monastic, that infringe the home constitution, engender so many evils, that no such community ever becomes permanently prosperous or happy. It was a profound saying of Bonaparte's, when adverting to the secret causes of national disorder, "France wants

homes;" and wherever the evils of social disorder abound, the secret spring will invariably be found in neglected homes, and the palpable violations of the duties and affections which form the happiness of home.

Homes, like other earthly things, are subject to change. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, in their plastered timber dwellings, where families and servants were seated at the same table, present but a rough specimen of homes; and though the Normans curtailed their excesses, and introduced more abstemious habits, yet, under the eye of proud feudal barons, the comforts of domestic life but slowly advanced. The homes and habits of England were manifestly improved in the stirring times of the Plantagenets. Their dresses became costly and decorative; tables were spread with luxuries, and a taste for the elegancies of life began to be cultivated. Home comforts multiplied still more during the times of the Tudors. Bishop Latimer speaks of his father, a yeoman, having a farm of £3 or £4 a-year, of which he tilled enough to keep half-a-dozen men, with pasture for 100 sheep and thirty cows. He kept his son at school till he sent him to the university; gave to each of his daughters a marriage portion of £5; lived on terms of hospitality with his neighbours, and gave alms to the poor—all betokening great progress in the comforts and duties of home. From the Reformation till now, the domestic character of the English people has been progressively developed and refined; nor can any well-wisher of his country render greater service than by detecting and removing evils which weaken home attachments, by cherishing home duties and promoting home comforts.

The education of the people is become one of the foremost questions of the day; men of all characters are anxiously turning their thoughts to devise the best method of school management and support. But, whatever may be settled, be it remembered, schools are not homes, and schools never can do the work of homes. Schools impart knowledge, but character is formed at home. Schools, where the learning is sound and religious, are an invaluable blessing to a people, but influences are lacking in school life which can only be supplied at home. It is an immense relief to parents, and lightens their every-day burden, to entrust their children to the educational care of able and conscientious teachers; but teachers and scholars know quite well that school is not home. Many teachers strive diligently to make it like home, and often with much success; but, after all, the maxim is true in many senses, "There is no place like home." It may be imitated in the free and cordial tone of intercourse, in the duties of oversight as diligent as that by the parents themselves, and

in the sacred observance of religious exercises; but compare the aspect and spirit of the school-room just before the Christmas holidays, with that on the scholars' return, when the holidays are over, and it is intelligible enough that home has attractive endearments, exceedingly strong in the formation of character, which are missed among the educational advantages and companionships of schools.

Perhaps our noble institutions for orphan children bear the nearest resemblance to home. It is impossible to over-estimate these monuments of public benevolence, where the "pains of death" are in some measure mitigated, and the precious treasures of broken homes are carefully housed again. There, children wrecked in the great and sudden storms of life, and left, as one often fears, to float awhile in peril among its rough waves, find a home where nothing is wanting which a gentle heart and open-handed liberality can supply. But the main elements of home are wanting even here. It is a home without parents. Filial endearments lack their proper objects. All the fond affections which cluster round the honoured name of father have nothing to sustain them, and droop, like unsupported tendrils, on the ground.

Home is the appropriate sphere for woman. Her strongest energies of mind and heart find full scope in her administration of that loved community. Entrusted with treasures of untold value, and interests that stretch throughout two worlds, she feels herself invested with responsibilities which every day require loving counsel and sympathy, aided by direction and wisdom from above. Many a mother, seen and known only among the unobtrusive duties of domestic life, shows that she commands an amount of inventive sagacity, of administrative wisdom, and adaptation of means, which equals and often surpasses the boasted achievements of public life; and noble-minded men who have risen to eminent distinction, are not slow to acknowledge their obligation to the wisdom and discipline which reigned over their earlier life at home. Few could pen an epitaph to equal the immortal lines with which Cowper welcomed his mother's picture; but many, when surrounded with the duties and honours of successful labour, recollect, as vividly as he did, how much they owe to the wise counsels and gentle diligence with which their mothers bent their wayward wills, and with judicious care lopped off their too luxuriant desires—

"All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so till my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honour to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heav'n, though little heeded here."

Home relationships and duties occupy a central

position in the Divine Decalogue itself. Preceded by the Four Commandments of the First Table, which enjoin our duty to God, and followed by the Five Commandments of the Second Table, which prescribe the duties which we owe to the person, property, and reputation of our neighbour, the Fifth Commandment stands significantly in the centre. To believe in God, to fear, love, worship, and honour him, commanded in the First Table of the Law, is the great foundation of our safety, welfare, and happiness; but the streams of home virtue and social comfort flow from their spring-head in the Fifth Commandment. Human legislation touches these duties with a trembling hand, wisely reckoning that such responsibilities are too delicate and sacred to be invaded by civil enactments; but the evils of neglected homes extend beyond the limits of the dwelling. Children trained to nothing will soon apprentice themselves to crime. A child who was never taught obedience to the Fifth Commandment is very likely to violate, without a scruple, the five others which follow it; and then the law must step in to arrest his criminal career. If parents neglect their children, and children grow up in rebellion against their parents, such ungoverned households soon become lawless and ungovernable, prey upon the interests of others, and demand the costly interference of civil power. A blow is struck at the root of these expensive evils by every movement which promotes home discipline, and practically recognises home virtues to be essential elements in national prosperity.

And this is now beginning to be felt, but not too soon. All schemes for popular education,—for bringing the ordinances of religion to bear upon the working classes, or abating their acknowledged disadvantages, must end in disappointment, unless facilities be liberally afforded for increasing home accommodation and multiplying its real comforts. We are naturally the most home-loving people in the world. Let everything be removed that checks the growth and expansion of this inherent virtue. Nothing is more engaging—ay, and ennobling too—than to see a working man stretching out his brawny arms to carry his little children home when his day's work is over,—spending his evenings among them,—listening to their tales and school lessons, equally joyous for them to repeat and him to hear; and then to see them on Sunday seated by his side in the house of God; and if to this be added something like Burns's scene of household worship in his immortal "Cottar's Saturday Night," with its inimitable devoutness, its Bible reading, its simple worship, and patriarchal blessing, so much the better, a thousand times over; but, alas! it is to be feared that we are approximating but slowly towards this standard of home prosperity. Our streets of demolished

dwelling, not yet compensated by an equivalent amount of new building elsewhere—consequently, our overcrowded population in which fevers flourish luxuriantly, but modesty wastes away,—our increasing rents with reducing accommodation,—our glittering enticements and deteriorating moralities—such things operate as a great discouragement upon efforts to multiply the solid comforts of home, and recover the brightness of its virtues.

No doubt the question of the homes of the people is beset with difficulties palpable enough to every one at all conversant with every-day life. Still, in other things, difficulties are not allowed to supersede duties, but stimulate to their resolute fulfilment. These home duties lie embedded as veins of virgin gold seldom explored, and still less worked, in the deep mine of the Fifth Commandment. If its golden counsels were valued and largely circulated, many of the current maxims of every-day life would be condemned as base coin, and by-and-by rejected altogether. Uncomfortable homes make the heart of the people sick. Anything that tends to make home so attractive as to supply recreation as well as comfort, affording relief from care and toil by its unflinching endearments, and ministering bright hopes for time to come, is an axe laid at the root of a thousand evils. If you can gain such confidence in the old proverb that "Home is home, be it never so homely," that any one will resolve to make the experiment for himself, you have taken a step in the right direction to "save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins."

As we pass through the streets the reflection must often occur, How different the condition of these various homes! Some are the dwellings of the poor, others the abodes of wealth and splendour; while many are evidently the "modest mansions," where neither riches tempt to luxury, nor poverty borders on want. Yet, could we glance inside to mark the spirit that prevails in these various homes, we should discover still greater diversities. Some would be found "like a little heaven below," pervaded by the atmosphere of contentment and holy love; others the prey of restless murmuring and corroding care; some closed in sorrow, and bearing the well-known marks of "the house of mourning;" others glittering in ostentatious vanity; some knit together in the bonds of holy endearment, "considering one another, to provoke to love and good works;" others distracted by conflicting interests, and alienated by mutual unkindness or studied neglect; in some, honest industry is struggling with straitness and want; in others, reckless folly, maddened by intemperance and domestic profligacy, opens the door to every form of wretchedness and ruin.

Such is the variety of home life almost at our

doors. To furnish some practical counsels for management, and fix a warning light upon some of the rocks that make sailing difficult,—to whisper some hints that may be useful to beginners, or to sound an alarm to such as may, perhaps, unconsciously be drifting among dangerous currents,—to repeat some wholesome instructions, well-

known once but now almost forgotten, and encourage the conscientious striver after a better standard of home duty and home happiness—this will be the purpose of a few papers which from time to time may appear in the pages of *THE QUIVER*.

(To be continued.)

THE ECHO OF THE EAGLE'S NEST, KILLARNEY.

NOT a breath of sound parts the air around,
As we lie 'neath the eagle's nest;
And the bird of Jove
On its rock above,
Unwatchful, takes its rest.

With features hid, with drooping lid,
We wait for the signal note;
Our hearts out of time,
Beat a hurried chime,
As we crouch in our silent boat.

Full, loud, and clear, from the copsewood near,
Rings out the expected call;
Our hearts stand still
With a sudden thrill;
E'en a leaf might be heard to fall.

Like a sunbeam at play, or the ocean's spray
Darting upward, it lightly rebounds;
And the spirits of air,
From their shadowy lair,
Re-echo the magical sounds.

Now far and now near—now there and now here,
Rushing madly from cavern to crag;
The eagle on high
It awakes with a cry,
And startles the timorous stag.

Waxing fainter, it dies: then with glistening eyes
We turn to the glorified sky,
To whose holy retreat,
With its shadowy feet,
It has passed with a whispering sigh.

In this brief space of time we have noticed a chime
Rung out from celestial choirs;
Where the angels above,
To sublime hymns of love,
Ever sweep o'er their heaven-strung lyres.

One star now appears, as the night grows and nears,
And thought takes the aspect of prayer;
As the dark bird of Jove,
From its eyrie above,
Floats forth on the ocean of air.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

REMORSE—NOT REPENTANCE.

WHEN they laid the body of Sir Alexander Oglivie down upon the grass, it was Margery who raised the head and rested it on her lap, to see if it was even yet possible to restore the life that had fled. She herself had been rescued so rapidly from her perilous position, having only fallen insensible the moment before she was picked up at the foot of the stairs; that every breath of fresh air, as she came to herself, revived her strength and courage. She was fully dressed, for the reason that she had not yet gone to bed when the fire broke out; and she was very soon on her feet again, a spectator of David Haldane's unsuccessful attempt to rescue her brother. At the time, she did not notice that Captain Oglivie was absent when that attempt was made. She seemed conscious of the presence of no one there, so in-

tensely were all her faculties occupied with the action of the moment. Not a cry, not a murmur, did she utter throughout the whole.

Now, by the light of the burning house, she and those around her could see that every effort was vain. Still, she made no outcry for the dead, no womanly lamentation escaped her lips; but she crouched on the ground supporting his head in silence, till the little crowd about her fell back a few paces, and stood uncovered in mute respect.

Then a vehicle was heard driving up rapidly, out of which the indefatigable little doctor of Burnside and Strathie leapt, and came running toward the group, with a volley of breathless exclamations. "This is dreadful—dreadful! Not dead!—not dead, I trust!"

This last was uttered as he knelt down by Margery's side; but a grave silence succeeded. It did not need his solemn whisper to tell that all was over.

The fire had roused the village, and the village had taken upon itself to rouse both pastor and



(Drawn by A. W. COOPER.)

"Full, loud, and clear, from the copsewood near,
Rings out the expected call."—p. 360.

doctor—the two who were ever ready to help in time of trouble. Mr. Keith advanced more slowly, and spoke a few words to his friend and parishioner, concerning submission to the Divine will; and she laid down her burden gently on the earth, and rose, and gave him her hand in silence.

Captain Oglvie then came forward, and he joined in the entreaties of her two friends, that Margery should allow herself to be driven from the scene of the disaster; but she would not stir: and, by her glance at the form on the ground beside them, they saw that she wished to stay till it could be moved; and, seeing how calm she was, they acquiesced without opposition.

At the same time, David Haldane advanced, and whispered to the doctor, "I can be of no more use here, I suppose, so I had better go."

"You here!" exclaimed the kind-hearted, impulsive man; "what a pity you did not come a little sooner! You saved him from the water once; you might have saved him from the fire."

Their little "aside" passed unheeded, except by Captain Oglvie, who had listened intently to every word; while, without speaking to any one else, David Haldane had stolen away.

Then the active little man attacked the captain. "What have you been doing, my dear sir? Over-exertion, eh? You look wretched—wretched! never saw a man more shaken in my life," he said, turning to Margery.

But at this Captain Oglvie rallied, and offered to go and prepare his mother, who, he said, would be in a state of great alarm at his continued absence, for Margery's reception.

As for her, she was the last to leave the scene of devastation. A light cart had been procured, and had taken the servants down to the village for rest and refreshment, so their mistress had ordered, and only the boy had refused obedience: and for the dead, a door had been taken off its hinges, and four stout men of Burnside had volunteered to carry him through the forest and up the hill-side to Delaube.

The fire was still burning, though with a dull, half-dying glare, when the little procession started. The bearers went first, the body decently covered with a snowy sheet, brought from the store treasured by some village home-wife for the occasion of her own or her guidman's laying-out. Margery followed slowly, with Mr. Keith and the doctor, in the gig. The light of the early dawn was breaking through the eastern clouds, and the wood was alive with the twittering calls of the awakening birds, as they passed along.

As they ascended the little hill the shadows of the night were melting rapidly away, and at length a glorious sun burst over the horizon, and bathed their faces in morning light, which fell dazzlingly on the white drapery of the dead man.

Captain Oglvie was at the gate to meet them. He staggered about like a drunken man, and another man would have been in the condition of, such, who had drunk as much brandy as he. But again he

rallied, directed the bearers to a room already prepared to receive the body, and took Margery to his mother, who was waiting for her in a state of feeble distress. The doctor laid injunctions on all three to seek repose, and after refreshing themselves slightly, they separated to their several rooms, and obeyed him as far as it was in their several powers.

The morning was far advanced when they met again, Mrs. Oglvie complaining of a dreadful headache, Captain Oglvie evidently suffering, but not complaining, and, strangely enough, Margery doing neither. The heavy years that had rolled over her had tempered both body and spirit. To the fire of suffering she presented a front of steel. The calamity had not broken, and it could not bend her. The death of her gentle sister had unnerved her far more than this. The shock seemed almost to have strengthened her.

Captain Oglvie would have taken the funeral arrangements into his own hands. He seemed to think that the sooner they were over the better. But Margery would not allow him to manage for her, and rejected with displeasure the advice to hasten the obsequies. So long as she was there to watch over all that remained of Sir Alexander Oglvie, so long should every honour be paid to the full. So six days were to elapse before the funeral, when the poor body was to be laid among the dust of generations of kindred, in the burial-vault of the Oglvies.

Six days, and during all that time Captain Oglvie must live under the same roof with it—with him whom he had detested living, and in whose presence, dead, he sickened with an unutterable dismay. He dared not go away from the house; such a step at such a time would be inexplicable, and would damage him most with the person with whom he desired to stand best. He could not forget—not for a single moment did the object he dreaded remain absent from his thoughts. He sat down to his meals, and there it was before him, borne in and laid upon the table, a formless phantom under the white drapery, just as it lay in the next room, and he could not touch a morsel. His mother lamented over him, and drew attention to his wan looks and bloodshot eyes, and he flashed up at her with fierce impatience. He left the house in the morning, and again in the afternoon, and each time when he returned it seemed more horrible to have to enter and abide there. Why should he be forced to do this? What had he done that he should be so tormented? His will rebelled against his conscience. In a more subtle form he repeated the defence of Cain, "Was I this man's keeper? Ought I to have risked my life to save such a life as his?" He tried by an effort of will to rid himself of thought altogether; but the more he tried the more persistently the one thought presented itself, and always with some added horror. He enacted again the whole of that night's work, with certain ghastly additions, the work of his imagination. The poet speaks of "that inner eye, which is the bliss of solitude;" its bliss, but its torture too, when there flash upon it, not the fair pic-

tures of innocence, but the fiery visions of remorse. Captain Oglivie ground his teeth as he muttered to himself, "I shall go mad if this goes on."

The afternoon had been a sultry one, and had its influence in predisposing both Margery and Mrs. Oglivie to retire to rest earlier than usual. The candles were not lighted at all that evening, and they left Captain Oglivie pacing up and down the garden terrace smoking. As the sky darkened, the sheet-lightning began to play over the sky in broad flashes. He was thinking that as there was hardly two hours of what could be called darkness, he would pass them out there, pacing to and fro till he was thoroughly tired out; for, in spite of his never having closed his eyes on the preceding night, sleep seemed as far off as ever. And yet he was terribly worn, with that weariness which produces restlessness, along with the vain desire to rest. But as the darkness increased, so also did the broad glare of the lightning, till it became intolerable to him to watch it coming and going, like a great eye of light opening and shutting on the scene. At last, through a mass of cloud, there broke a jagged stream of fire, and the next moment the thunder was rolling over the hill, as if the bolt had been hurled at his head.

Still he paced up and down. It seemed as if the madness he foreboded had come upon him already, for he heeded not the torrents of rain that in a few minutes drenched him to the skin. At length, as if mechanically, he went indoors. Flash after flash illumined the walls of his room. There was no escape from its awful illumination. He tried to shut it out, but it played upon his hands and face, and paralysed him in the act. His senses reeled at last, and he fell with a crash to the floor.

His fall had, happily, roused both his mother and Margery, already awakened by the thunder, to the sense that something was wrong, and they were soon in his room, where they found him as he had fallen, dripping and insensible, upon the floor.

Another sleepless night awaited the two women, and when morning came, and the doctor with it, Horace Oglivie was in the first stage of a brain fever.

CHAPTER L.

PARIS, 1830.

It was the morning of Monday, the 26th of July, 1830. The weather was superb, even for Paris, which looked gay and bustling as usual in the morning sun. A few days before, there had been congratulations in the streets and *Te Deums* in the churches for the taking of Algiers; and the volatile people, in exultation at the national victory, had half forgotten their grievances against the king and his ministers; only the prayer of the archbishop, that the king might triumph over his enemies at home as well as abroad, had been felt as a bitter reminder, and was treasured as an insult to be resented.

And now as the crowds begin to pour along the quays, or pass the public places, little knots of men gather to read the "ordonnances" printed in the

Moniteur of the day. The ordonnances are directed against the liberty of the press and the right of election, and gloom settles on the faces of the readers; and a sort of stupefaction at the audacity of the man who had done this, checks for a little the rising excitement.

The bland-looking old gentleman, in blue coat and canary-coloured vest with gold buttons, who had gone in and out among them, for the last half-dozen years, smiling and bowing with such perfect politeness and urbanity had been seized with that form of lunacy, peculiar to kings, which persuades them that in practice, as well as in theory, they can do no wrong, and under its influence he had issued the fatal ordonnances which, before another day was done, would deluge those sunny streets with blood, and cause thousands to execrate his memory as the murderer of their sons, husbands, and brothers. Who could have thought that peculiarly bland and complacent smile had murder in it? No doubt of it, the tall, mild, fair monarch would have shrunk from inflicting on a single family in his capital such sorrow and suffering as his grape-shot scattered wholesale along those streets and quays. But such men can have no imagination; perhaps it is killed in them by a fate grander than their nature. The events of the next few days were enough to have caused Charles X., had he been able to realise them, to sit in sackcloth and ashes, and desire that he might die and not live. But in his exile he was the same as ever. Bland and smiling, he would issue from the gates of Holyrood Palace, his temporary refuge, with his hat under his arm, and his white hair streaming in the wind, bowing graciously to the crowd that waited on his carriage, while by his side tripped the little wizened Duchess D'Angoulême, in yellow satin gown and high-heeled shoes, with long, gold ear-drops pendant on her shoulders. In a few days she, too, was flying from France, in the disguise of an old peasant, a character which she, no doubt, acted to the very life.

There was no want of cleverness in the women of the family. Concerning these very ordonnances, the Duchess de Berri pleaded vainly with the infatuated king.

"Sire," she said, "I am a mother, and the interest of my son compels me to say, that if you do not dismiss your ministers, both you and my son will lose the throne."

"Madame," replied the king, "I want no advice; the ordonnances I have issued are immutable. Calmez-vous," he added; "*l'air de la mer vous fera peut-être du bien!*" meaning, that the sooner she departed for Dieppe the better.

Peggy Oglivie noticed the groups of people collected at various points, as she went the round of the print-sellers with whom she had dealings, receiving, with a heart sinking lower and lower, the same answer from all—"Nothing had been sold;" "Nothing would sell at present;" "A call on some future day would oblige."

The most depressing of all depressions is that which comes from repeated rebuffs of this kind. Ask

the author, whose manuscript comes back to him again and again; or the artist, whose picture is never hung; or, worse than all, the handicraftsman, who trudges vainly from shop to shop of his craft, asking for work to do, if it is not so. To be told that you are not wanted, that in the great busy world there is no need for you, that you and yours might perish unregarded, and never be missed out of the multitude, must be a bitter experience, and yet it is a common one; alas! so very common. Peggy pauses at the window of a shop in the Rue St. Honoré. She does not enter; there is no need for her to do so: her answer hangs there in the shape of her unsold drawing. It is her latest and most ambitious attempt—a pine-clad slope in winter, depending for effect on the ethereal beauty of the sky and the powerful drawing of the trees. She turns away with a sense of relief that another denial is spared her, and with a feeling that she is being defeated in the unequal struggle.

There was nothing for her but to go home. She felt that she could not attempt anything for that day at least, and therefore she would devote what remained of it to her father. She found him in his room, complaining bitterly of his wife's neglect. She had gone out and left him without dinner, or anything wherewith to procure the meal. This neglect was easily rectified on a July day in Paris, and the father and daughter dined together economically, and in perfect peace. But the afternoon passed, and still Madame Oglivie did not return. Her husband began to be very restless, and to harass his daughter with complaints. It vexed alike her ear and her heart to listen. Between the pair not a vestige of love remained. With the wife, there was none of that loyalty which hedges the husband with a kind of jealous honour; with the husband, none of that sacred sovereignty which is the bond of the household. Almost with horror, she heard her father propose a scheme for getting over to England and leaving her behind. She had often tried to awaken a better feeling between them, and she tried now; but in vain. "I hate her," he repeated, "and she cares nothing for me; she cares only for her low pleasures."

As usual, Louis Oglivie escorted his daughter to her own little room. She would have remained with him, but there was no accommodation for her, and her step-mother might be expected at any moment. He sat with her for some time longer, and restlessly strayed out upon the roof to smoke; a thing which his daughter dreaded, as she suspected the presence of the deadly drug in which she now knew that he indulged. At length he took his departure, and she promised to be with him early on the following day.

She had been sitting for some time in perfect silence, and with no other light than that of the summer moon, when there came a rattle of something on the window-pane, which sounded like hail-stones. It could not be the rising wind, for the night was breathlessly still. "It must be a bit of plaster," she thought to herself, and then ceased to think about it. But, after a little interval, the sound

was heard again, and in at the slightly open lattice a volley of pigeon's peas bounded on the floor. It must be her young neighbour. He was getting too old for pure mischief, and besides, he had been uniformly respectful during their acquaintance; so she came to the conclusion that he wanted to speak to her on some matter which he chose to think important enough to justify this unusual proceeding.

She was right in her conjecture, for on going to the window, she heard him call, "Mademoiselle! mademoiselle!" in a loud and yet anxious whisper.

She stepped out on the roof, and saw him apparently in his old position, and looking in the moonlight as girlish as ever. "What is it?" she said, and waited.

"Mademoiselle has a good courage," he began.

"You must not try me too much," she replied; "you almost succeeded in frightening me just now. Only that I know ghosts do not carry peas in their pockets, I should have been very much alarmed."

"Mademoiselle must pardon me. I have something to say. Will you come nearer?" he added, glancing down among the lurking shadows.

She went and stood beneath him in the full light, which also shone on his face, grave and important.

"There is no one with you?" he whispered cautiously.

"No person," she answered.

"I pray you make me your promise that you will not go out to-morrow evening."

"Why?"

"I cannot tell you."

"What will happen to me if I do?"

"You will be in great danger," he answered. "Promise," he pleaded, eagerly, "that you will be at home after six o'clock."

"I cannot make promises without knowing why I make them."

"Will you not trust me?" he whispered.

"You do not trust me," she replied.

"I would, but I have made an oath."

"This is very grave. I hope you are not joining in any riotous proceedings. You are too young."

He did not resent the imputation of extreme youth, as she had hoped he would. That might have led to the disclosure of some mischief, which it was possible to prevent.

"I am not too young to die for France," he answered.

At another time, she would have smiled at the grandiloquent little speech, but the face she looked up at had on it such a gleam of enthusiasm that she felt much more ready to cry.

"Oh, no! you must not die," she said, gently; "you must live for the country you love. Every good, brave man is a gain to his country, and you will be good and brave, I think."

"It would not make much trouble if I died," he said, reflectively: "my mother is dead."

"Poor boy! I also have no mother."

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Margaret."

"It is the same—my mother's name," he answered: "I have it here," he laid his chin upon his breast. "It is embroidered on her handkerchief. To-morrow I shall wear it over my heart. My name is Henri. I do not love any one very much, but you are my friend, are you not?"

"Henri, I wish truly I could be your friend in this matter, whatever it is, and persuade you to have nothing to do with plots of any kind. You may spoil your whole life before you know what you are doing, and, if only for your country's sake, you have no right to pledge your future. Think," she added, "what your mother would have said about it."

"Ah!" he replied, with a depth of sentiment she had not given him credit for, "she would have said the same thing as you say, if she had been living; but not now. Then, she would have said, 'Keep out of danger;' now, she would say, 'Henri, do not fear to die.'"

Then there was a slight pause in their whispered conversation. The sound of passing footsteps were heard below in the street.

"I have 'one thing more, may I have your permission to pass over to your side to-morrow, if I should want a run on the roof?"

"I cannot hear any more of this, unless you will tell me what you are going to be about."

He shook his head.

"Well, then, good night, say your prayers, and go to sleep, and let me see you in the morning. You will think better of it, by that time."

"I shall not be here in the morning; no one knows I am here now. I am absent without leave," he said, gaily.

A terrible scratching and whining was set up just then on Henri's side. "It's Fanchon," he explained: "you will not refuse to keep Fanchon for me?—she is such a dear little dog!"

"Take her now," he said, coming up again, with the little thing in one hand, and he dropped down into her arms a tiny, white creature, quivering like a curd.

With another warning, she dismissed Henri, and, entering her room, closed the window and prepared to sleep. But she could get no sleep for hours, thinking of the strange boy and his warning. Yet the more she thought, the more utterly improbable it seemed to her that there could be any grave reality at the bottom of his talk. He was either the victim of a hoax, or else some mischief more than usually extensive was on foot, and would probably be frustrated, or desisted from, without any interference on her part, even if any interference were possible. At last she fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

THE UNEXPECTED VISITOR.



SHOUT of joy greeted Mr. Waldegrave's appearance in the drawing-room, at Elm Grove, one wet evening, and the shout was followed by an exclamation from both his children that he was five whole minutes late for the children's hour!

"And I wonder who was a good deal more than five minutes late this morning at breakfast?" said their father, laughing. "However, I am willing to bear any punishment you may think proper to impose, provided it is not anything very desperate."

"I'll give you twenty kisses as a punishment," said Maida, putting her little arms round his neck; "and if that is too hard a punishment," she whispered, "you may give them all back to me again!"

Herbert looked on at the proceeding in dignified silence, not considering kissing a very manly amusement for a great boy like him (he was just ten years old); and when the twenty kisses had been given and returned, he said the punishment he would give was that the story should be a little longer than usual.

"Very well," said Mr. Waldegrave, "I am quite content; but what shall I tell you about?"

"More about the Exhibition, I think, papa," answered Herbert.

"And about the Prince Imperial too, please," added Maida.

"My dear children," replied their father, "I really

have told you everything I ever heard about the prince; and as to the Exhibition, I am sure you must know it almost as well as I do myself by this time. What would you say if I told you a true story of something that happened in Paris many years ago?"

"That would be delightful, papa!" answered Maida.

"But what is it about?"

"Time will tell," said her father. "It would never do to spoil my story by beginning at the end, so I will begin at the very beginning, and say that if you had been in Paris at that time, you might have seen in the Rue St. Honoré a very small house—so small, in fact, that it only consisted of one room, which had, therefore, to answer the various purposes of bedroom, sitting-room, kitchen, and charcoal store. Not a very pleasant or convenient arrangement, certainly; and yet the room was so neat and clean as to look more comfortable than many a larger house in the same locality.

"Two wooden beds, with green curtains, were placed at one end of the room, and beside them was a cradle; further on were great bags of charcoal, heaped one over the other; at the lower end of the room was the large stove. A table, a few common chairs, two or three saucepans and kettles, and a little crockeryware, completed the furniture.

"Such was the home of James, the charcoal merchant, and his family, which consisted of his wife, whose name was Annette, two fine boys of eight and

ten years old, and a little girl, who was just beginning to walk and talk, and was the pet of the whole house.

"One fine summer evening, the mother and children were seated round the table, waiting, somewhat impatiently, for the return of their father, to begin their supper. Charles, the eldest of the boys, ran to and fro between the table and the door, which had been left open, and each time shook his head mournfully as he cast a wistful glance at the covered dish, which his mother had placed on the table. 'Father is not come,' he said, at last; 'and supper will be quite cold.'

"Let us go and meet him,' said his younger brother, whose name was Blondel; 'and then the time will pass quicker.'

"But, boys, I do not wish you to go,' said their mother, who, seated in a low chair, was singing a sweet cradle hymn to hush her baby to sleep. 'I do not wish you to go, for I am afraid you would lose your way; and I wonder what would become of your father and me then!'

"But, mother,' said Charles, 'I wonder why father is so much later out this evening than he generally is; it is quite late now.'

"He had to go to the Palais Royal to take charcoal,' replied their mother; 'and this is the Queen's birthday. There are to be great doings there—a state ball and concert, and I do not know what beside.'

"At this moment the charcoal merchant's voice was heard calling out, 'I say, Annette, put down some charcoal on the fire as fast as you can, there is not a moment to be lost.' Then a great tall man, covered with charcoal-dust, and very wet, entered the house, carrying an apparently lifeless child in his arms. The poor little fellow's clothes were richly embroidered, and contrasted sadly with his bare feet and torn sleeves, and he seemed literally drenched with water.

"Dear me!' exclaimed the kind-hearted mistress of the house, laying her sleeping baby in the cradle, and making a great fire; 'what has happened to you, husband? and what is the matter with this poor child?'

"I will tell you by-and-by,' he replied; 'but first warm a blanket to wrap him in; that on the children's bed is the best. Poor little fellow, I think he will get on now.'

"What a beautiful boy!' said Annette, as she helped him to undress the still unconscious little stranger. 'Charles,' she added, 'give me your Sunday clothes, for the poor child cannot keep on his own; I must dry them well for him.'

"Here they are, mother,' said Charles, handing them to her, and looking in amazement at the embroidered dress which she laid carefully before the stove, and which the boys had never seen anything like before.

"Warmth soon restored the half-drowned child; he opened his eyes, and looking with no small surprise at the swarthy charcoal merchant, and his wife and

children, as well as at the strange abode in which he found himself, he said, half-frightened, 'Where am I? and what has happened?'

"You are here, my little friend,' said the charcoal merchant.

"My little friend!' repeated the child, disdainfully; 'my little friend, indeed!'

"So much the worse for you, my fine gentleman,' said James, 'if you are angry with me. Bad as I am, I wonder where you would be now but for me.'

"These clothes are not mine,' continued the child; 'you have stolen mine.'

"Stolen!' interrupted the charcoal merchant, in a furious passion; 'stolen your clothes! I only wish you were old enough, you ungrateful little—'

"Stop, stop, James,' said Annette, gently; 'this poor little fellow is so bewildered that he does not know what he is saying. He will soon know that, although we are poor, we are honest, and while he is resting, tell us what happened.'

"Well,' said the charcoal merchant, as he drew his boys close to him, 'I went as usual to take some charcoal to the Palais Royal; the head-cook told me that it was always so good that he would take me to the garden that I might see the fête. And true enough, I could see everything through the windows, which were illuminated to such a degree that I could hardly help thinking that the palace was on fire. I could see ever so many fine ladies and gentlemen passing the windows, dressed so splendidly, with feathers and diamonds that shone like the sun. I was wishing the Queen would pass, but she did not, or I should certainly have known her.'

"But how would you have known her?' asked Charles, who had listened eagerly to every word that his father had said.

"Why, queens always wear a crown,' answered the charcoal merchant, 'and I could not see any one with a crown pass the window.'

"But I want to hear about the child,' said Annette.

"Well, then,' replied her husband, 'as I was standing outside the window, where the cook had left me, I heard a great splash behind me. I turned round, and by the light of the lamps I saw that this poor child had fallen into the water, and before you could say one—two—three, I jumped in after him, and brought him here, for the sentry would not allow me to take him to the kitchen, as I did not know who he was; and, indeed, he was so taken up with what was going on, that he cared very little about the child.'

"But his poor mother, how unhappy she must be about him!' said Annette, sorrowfully. 'Pray tell us where you live, and who you are,' she said to the child, 'that my husband may go and set your mother's heart at rest about you.'

"You are very kind, madam,' replied the child, in a tone of politeness, which made a great impression on the two boys; 'but there is not any hurry.'

"But by this time they must have missed you, and be looking for you everywhere.'

"So much the better, madam," said the child, quietly.

"But your mother will be miserable."

"I hope she may, madam," he rejoined.

"Surely you cannot doubt it," said Annette; "and yet," she added, "children never know the depth of a mother's love."

"But we know it, mother," said Charles and Blondel, eagerly, as they ran and kissed her over and over again.

"The little visitor did not make any remark, but the tears fell fast down his face."

"My precious children," said Annette, "are you really very fond of me?"

"Indeed we are, mother," answered Charles. "I would not change you for the queen herself, if I could."

"Nor I, for the whole kingdom, and Paris too," said Blondel.

A loud sob made them turn round. The little stranger had burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my poor child?" said Annette, kindly, drawing him to her as tenderly as if he had been one of her own boys. "Have not you also got kind parents?"

"My father is dead, madam," said the child, still weeping bitterly.

"But you have a mother, a kind mother," said Annette, "who takes care of you?"

"My mother has something else to do than take care of me, madam."

"Why, what can a mother have to do that need prevent her taking care of her children?" asked Annette.

"My mother's position gives her many other things to do, madam. She has plenty of servants to take care of me."

"Ha!" said the charcoal merchant, in a brusque tone, "nicely they were taking care of you when you fell into the water; and but for me you might have been there still. Of course, my children might fall into the water too," he added, "for that is a thing that might happen to any one; but if they did, their father or mother would soon find it out. But no matter, wife, let us go to supper."

As soon as they were all seated at the table, Annette laid down a wooden plate and spoon before each, and then, taking off the cover of the dish, she helped every one to some boiled beans, while the father cut thick slices of the black but wholesome bread, and handed it round.

"Now, father," said the children, "please tell us what you saw at the fête."

"It was magnificent," he replied.

"I suppose kings and queens are very happy," said Blondel.

"At all events their children learn to read," said Charles, with a sigh.

"And do not you know how to read?" asked the stranger.

"No, indeed, sir," answered Charles, "I do not. It would cost ever so much, and my parents could not afford to give it."

"With a grave and solemn manner the little stranger rose from his seat, went to his dress which was hanging on the back of a chair before the fire, took a purse out of the pocket, returned to the table, opened the purse, in which were several gold pieces, and taking one of them, he handed it to Charles, saying, as sedately as if he had been a man of fifty, 'Look, there is money enough for twenty months, and when that is gone I will give you more.'

"Charles!" said the charcoal merchant, in a voice that made the child lay down the money which he had just taken in his hand, and say, 'I cannot take it, sir; but I am very much obliged.'

"But why cannot you take it?" asked the stranger.

"Because I did not earn it, sir, and I could not take charity."

"But that is not charity," answered the child; "it was mine, and I choose to give it to you; so that is all about it, besides," he added, "your father has shown me a kindness that I could not over-pay."

"And do you suppose that kindness can be paid for?" asked the charcoal merchant.

"I have always been told so," answered the stranger.

"Take back your gold, sir," said the charcoal merchant, kindly, but decidedly; "it is not that I despise your gift, especially after your saying that it was to pay for Charles learning to read; but you are too young to give away so much money."

"So you do not yet know who I am?" said the child.

"No, we do not," said Annette; "but I hope you will tell us, for surely it is high time to relieve your mother's mind from all the anxiety she must have suffered on your account these last two hours."

"My mother," said the child, sadly, "loves me just as much as you love your children, but she has not time to think of me so much; her position does not allow her to caress me as often as she would wish."

"She is not like our mother," said Charles.

"She is much handsomer," replied the little visitor.

"But ours is the best and kindest."

"But mine gives me such a beautiful house, and plenty of servants to wait on me, and as much money as ever I like," said the stranger, haughtily, not at all pleased at the comparison.

"Our mother gives us kisses as often as we like," said Blondel, angrily.

"But now the very unusual sound of the rolling of a carriage was heard at the end of the unfrequented street; louder and louder it sounded as it came nearer, and at length it stopped at the door; then came a furious knock, and some one called out, 'Does James, the charcoal merchant, live here?'

"Dear me!" said the little stranger, "that is my tutor's voice;" and while the charcoal merchant and his wife hastened to open the door, he crept under the table, making a sign to Charles and Blondel to follow his example. In one moment the room was filled with noblemen and soldiers. One man, distinguished by his cardinal's dress, his lean figure, and stern, unbending countenance, surmounted by a little red cap, detached himself from the crowd,

and addressing a soldier, who stood at a respectful distance, he said to him, 'Repeat the deposition.' Whereupon, the soldier, looking at the charcoal merchant, said, 'This evening, at eight o'clock, whilst I was on duty at the palace gate, you asked me for permission to go to the kitchen, to convey there a child whom you had just taken out of the water; where is that child?'

"Here I am," said the little stranger, suddenly making his appearance from under the table.

"Sire, the whole Court has been searching for you these two hours!"

"Sire!" whispered the charcoal merchant to his wife, in utter amazement.

"The child did not take any notice of their surprise, but said, proudly, 'I am extremely glad to hear it, Cardinal Mazarin.'

"Your mother has been very uneasy."

"His mother! and yet she did not follow him!" said Annette, involuntarily.

"I am sorry my mother has been uneasy, cardinal; but I could not help it."

"You will come with me now, sire, I hope?"

"Yes, if I like," said the child.

"But you ought to like it, sire, when you know that your mother is most anxiously expecting you."

"I must first thank these kind people for their goodness to me when they did not know who I was."

"They shall be paid for it, sire; but pray do not delay any longer."

"Cardinal Mazarin," said the child with dignity, 'I have learned this evening that money cannot pay for kindness. My friend,' added he, turning to the charcoal merchant, 'I, Louis XIV., King of France, thank you with all my heart for the great kindness which you have shown me; I will take charge of the education of your sons, and will give a dowry to your daughter when she is married. You may kiss my hand.'

"Then, with the most touching expressions of gratitude, the boy-king shook hands cordially with the charcoal merchant, kissed Annette, and said to the boys, 'Au-revoir, our quarrel is over, is it not? Now cardinal,' he added, 'I am ready, let us set out.'

"In this dress, sire?" said the cardinal, looking contemptuously at the coarse and shabby clothes in which the young king was dressed.

"Yes, in these clothes," he replied.

"But, sire, do you remember that the Queen is surrounded by the Court, and that they are all in full dress?"

"Ah! sire," said Annette, 'do not wait to change your clothes. Think how anxiously your mother is waiting for you.'

"Do you hear that, Cardinal Mazarin?"

"It is only a poor woman who spoke, sire," replied the cardinal.

"She is a mother," said the boy-king; and going through the crowd, who drew back to let him pass, he again thanked Annette for all her care and kindness.

"You have forgotten your purse, sire," she said, handing it to him.

"I have not forgotten anything," he replied: 'my purse is yours now; and jumping into the carriage which was waiting for him at the door, he drove off amid the acclamations of the crowd, whom the unwonted sight had quickly assembled.

"And now, children," said Mr. Waldegrave, as he concluded, "how do you like my story?"

"I think it is jolly," answered Herbert; "only I wish I knew if the young king kept his promise to the children. It must be great fun to be a king, and to have such a row made when anything happened to one."

"I am sure that Louis did keep his promise to the children," replied his father; "but not at all sure that you would find it fun to be a king. But what are you thinking of so earnestly?" he added, as he stroked his little daughter's long golden curls: "you look very grave."

Maida looked up shyly as she said, "I could not help thinking how like the story was—I mean," she added, correcting herself—"what a great honour those poor people thought it for the king to come to them by accident, even though he went away again as soon as he could. But the Lord Jesus came down to this world on purpose, and gave up all his greatness, and even died on the cross to save the people who were so cruel and unkind to him, because he loved them so much that he wanted them to be happy with him in heaven for ever. I think that was a great deal more wonderful, and yet we so often forget it."

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 320.

"Elijah."—2 Kings ii. 11.

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|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. Eve | Gen. v. 1, 2. |
| 2. Lucifer | Isa. xiv. 12. |
| 3. I ban | Judg. xii. 8, 9. |
| 4. James | Gal. i. 19. |
| 5. A braham | James ii. 23. |
| 6. H ophni | 1 Sam. iv. 11. |

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. The town whence Baasha o'er Israel reigned.
2. Whose son a captive till his death remained?
3. Whose son forewarned King Ahab of his fate?
4. Who died the hour that Hiel made his gate?
5. Who took the gifts his master had refused?
6. Who joined with Korah and his lord accused?
7. The town where Syria's host was stricken blind.
8. Who all his captives to his foe resigned?
9. What prince to cast away God's word was told?
10. Where Gideon placed an ophod made of gold.
11. Whose many sons for valour were renowned?
12. Where for the second time was David crowned?
13. The town which Pharaoh to his daughter gave.
14. The town where Gideon rested in his grave.
15. A prophetess who long o'er Israel reigned,
And well its cause against all foes maintained.

Blest privilege that Christians have
While of God's works they read,
To say with loving awe, "This God
Is our own God indeed."